

ACTION

PICTURE
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THE MERCENARIES

The background of the cover features a dynamic illustration of two men in a physical struggle. The man on the left, with dark, messy hair and a determined, shouting expression, wears a dark, fringed jacket. He is being pushed back by another man on the right. This second man has a weathered face, a red and white striped headband, and wears a dark, textured tunic. He is holding a long-barreled rifle vertically, using it as a lever to push the first man away. The scene is set against a bright yellow background with dark, expressive brushstrokes suggesting a chaotic or outdoor environment.

Stand by for an onslaught of action-packed thrills

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY SPECIAL EXTRA

4 gripping stories in one 224-page bumper special 3/-

THE LIONHEARTS

He drove men ruthlessly in preparation for the day of battle—for it would only be the strong who survived.

CODE OF HONOUR

Only an officer's courage and leadership can earn him the respect of the men serving under him.

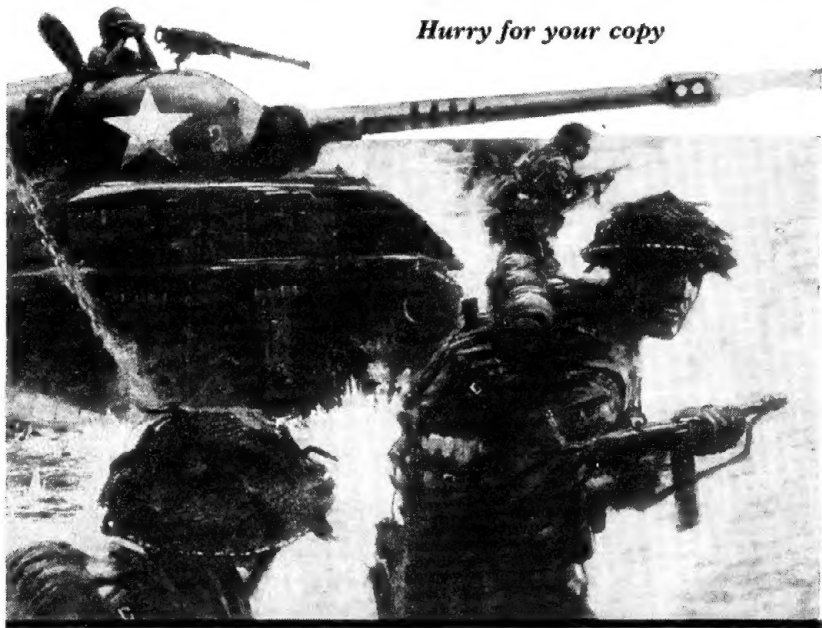
MISSION FOR HEROES

It was a task only the toughest could handle, yet it was an ordinary seaman who stood between the three VCs and failure.

DIRECT HIT

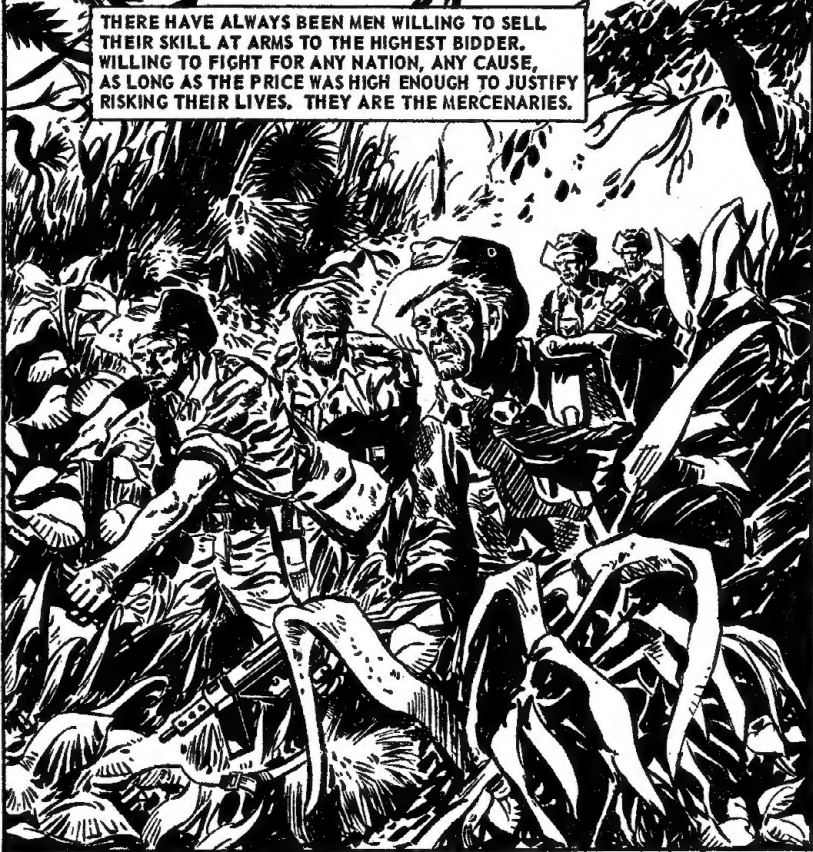
They flew together—each man drawing on the courage of the other—each wondering who would be first to break.

Hurry for your copy



THE MERCENARIES

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN WILLING TO SELL THEIR SKILL AT ARMS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. WILLING TO FIGHT FOR ANY NATION, ANY CAUSE, AS LONG AS THE PRICE WAS HIGH ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY RISKING THEIR LIVES. THEY ARE THE MERCENARIES.



THE SCORCHING SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE BRITISH SOLDIERS AS THEY CLAMBERED UP THE BARREN ADEN HILLSIDE. THE BREN GUN JIMMY WALKER CARRIED SEEMED TO GET HEAVIER EVERY SECOND...




SMUDGER SMITH RAN HIS PARCHED TONGUE OVER DRY LIPS.

FORTY-FIFTY YARDS OR SO, JIMMY-BOY. THEN WE'LL HAVE 'EM IN OUR SIGHTS.



IT WAS 1966 AND SOMEWHERE ACROSS THAT DRIED-UP WADI WAS A BUNCH OF WELL-ARMED ARAB TERRORISTS. SERGEANT LOMAX, A FIRST-RATE N.C.O., WAS LEADING THE SECTION.



NOW LISTEN, LADS! I WANT TO CLEAR OUT THAT RAT-HOLE, BUT WITH NO UNNECESSARY CASUALTIES. UNDERSTAND? SO KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN AND WHEN YOU FIRE, MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A TARGET IN YOUR SIGHTS.

OKAY, SARGE.

THEY HIT THE RIDGE AND JIMMY AIMED STACCATO STREAMS OF TRACER INTO THE TERRORISTS' ROCK-BOUND NEST.



AAARGH!

NICE SHOOTING, JIMMY!

AFTER TEN MINUTES EXCHANGE OF FIRE, PEACE SETTLED OVER THE WADI. THE TERRORISTS HAD ABANDONED THEIR DEAD AND FADED AWAY...

THE BLIGHTERS HAD AN ESCAPE ROUTE, AS ALWAYS! YOU BLOKES STAY HERE - I'LL DO A QUICK RECCE. KEEP ME COVERED, JUST IN CASE...

THIS TIME, LOMAX, THE OLD SOLDIER, HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE TERRORISTS.

UGH!

ALMOST WITHOUT THINKING, JIMMY WALKER LIFTED THE BREN TO HIP LEVEL AND CHARGED DOWN THE SLOPE. THE SERGEANT SHOUTED ANGRILY...



AND THEN JIMMY WALKER, DESPATCH CLERK FOR MESSRS. PINK AND CRIPPEN LTD., CAME BACK ABRUPTLY TO HIS SENSES...



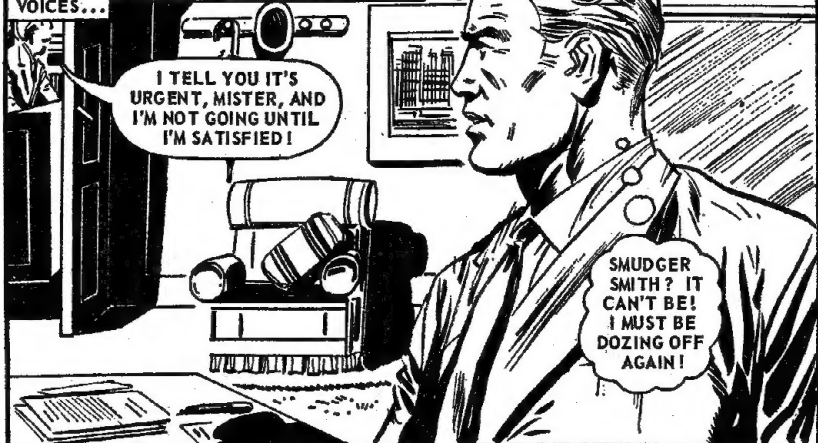
THE OFFICE SUPERVISOR'S HIGH-PITCHED VOICE WHINED ON ...



LET ME GUESS - THE MIDDLE EAST, OR CYPRUS - OR MAYBE THE INDONESIAN JUNGLE! YOU'RE IN LONDON, WALKER - AND YOUR ONLY ENEMY IS TIME. DON'T WASTE IT - IT'S BEING PAID FOR BY THE FIRM!



JIMMY BEGAN TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS WORK AGAIN - BUT A DISTURBANCE IN THE OUTER OFFICE BROUGHT IT ALL BACK, ESPECIALLY AS HE SEEMED TO RECOGNISE ONE OF THE VOICES...



I TELL YOU, SIR, EVERYTHING IS IN HAND. MISTER WALKER, THE INVOICES FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN MEDICAL SUPPLIES SHIPMENT, PLEASE...



SMUDGER! IT JUST CAN'T BE TRUE!



THE SUPERVISOR TRIED TO ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY...

LOOK HERE, THIS WON'T DO! WALKER - YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

FADE AWAY, MISTER! THIS IS A RE-UNION!

IT'S NEARLY THE LUNCH-BREAK, ANYWAY. I'LL TAKE IT NOW, MISTER PICKLES.



THE IMPERTINENCE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE CITY IS COMING TO NOWADAYS!

YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, BOY!

AND YOU'RE A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, SMUDGER - AND COULDN'T I DO WITH IT!

THEY SETTLED FOR
A PUB LUNCH...

GOSH, I'VE
MISSED THE OLD
MOB... MANY'S
THE TIME I'VE
KICKED MYSELF
FOR TAKING MY
TICKET TO CIVVY
STREET. WHY
DID WE LEAVE,
SMUDGER?

YOUR IDEA, JIMMY!
AFTER WE PULLED OUT OF
ADEN, YOU RECKONED IT'D BE
PEACE-TIME SOLDIERING
FROM THEN ON.

REMEMBER? YOU SAID THE PAY WAS
BETTER IN CIVVY STREET AND IT WAS TIME
WE SETTLED DOWN, ETCETERA, ETCETERA!
STILL, I'M GLAD I LISTENED TO YOU!

WISH I HADN'T LISTENED TO MYSELF!
TALK ABOUT BEING BROWNE-OFF! NINE
TO FIVE, FIVE DAYS A WEEK - SAYING
YES-SIR, NO-SIR TO A CREEP LIKE
PICKLES FOR MY BREAD AND BUTTER. IT'S
ABOUT AS EXCITING AS A FUNERAL!

YOU SOUND
IN A BAD WAY,
JIMMY-BOY!

THEN EX-CORPORAL SMUDGER SMITH TOLD OF HIS WORK SINCE HE LEFT THE ARMY.

I'M A PAID, FREE-LANCE SOLDIER, JIMMY - AND IT'S A JOB IN A MILLION! FOR ME, IT'S DOING SOMETHING I LIKE, SOMETHING I'VE BEEN TRAINED TO DO - AND FOR A SIGHT MORE MONEY THAN I COLLECTED WITH THE OLD MOB!



FASCINATED, JIMMY LISTENED TO HIS OLD COMRADE-IN-ARMS AS HE HIGH-LIGHTED A MERCENARY'S LIFE.

MARVELLOUS BUNCH OF BLOKES, TOO! BRITISH, GERMAN, YANKS, FRENCH - ALL PROFESSIONALS. I'VE DONE TWO ASSIGNMENTS - ONE IN AFRICA, ONE IN THE MIDDLE EAST! AND COLLECTED A PACKET OF DOUGH BOTH TIMES.



THERE MUST BE A CATCH IN IT SOMEWHERE, SMUDGER!

NO CATCH! TELL YOU WHAT, BOY - MY BOSS IS ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR NEW TALENT. NOW - I KNOW YOU - BEST BREN-GUNNER IN THE OUTFIT. WHEN I'VE CLEARED THIS MEDIC STUFF HE ASKED ME TO CHASE-UP, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.



HOLD YOUR HORSES, SMUDGER - I'D HAVE TO KNOW A LOT MORE FIRST! WHETHER IT'S LEGAL, FOR ONE THING!



'COURSE IT'S LEGAL! AT LEAST, I THINK IT IS! ANYWAY, WHO CARES - THE MONEY'S GOOD!

TEMPTED BY THE PROSPECT, BUT STILL DOUBTFUL, JIMMY WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE, WHERE MISTER PICKLES WAS WAITING FOR HIM...



WALKER, I HAVE REPORTED YOU TO MISTER CRIPPEN! I HAVE TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT YOUR DAY-DREAMING, AND YOUR CONDUCT! HE WILL SEE YOU AT THREE FIVE P.M. PRECISELY.



ROD DEWAR WAS A BUSINESS MAN. HIS BUSINESS WAS WAR! HE WAS THE "BOSS" SMUDGER SMITH SPOKE OF...



AS A RIFLEMAN AND A BREN-GUNNER HE CAN'T BE LICKED, MISTER DEWAR. AND HE'S GOT GUTS. DID I TELL YOU ABOUT HOW HE SAVED OUR SERGEANT'S LIFE IN ADEN?



BY THE TIME THEY GOT TO THE ARMOURY, JIMMY WAS ALREADY HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS. DEWAR'S WELCOME HAD BEEN COOL - VERY COOL!



THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY MEN IN THE ARMOURY - A PLACE THAT INCLUDED A SHOOTING RANGE. THE SCAR-FACED MAN WITH THE BADGES OF RANK WAS OBVIOUSLY MAJOR KURT STEINER, THE GERMAN SQUAD LEADER.



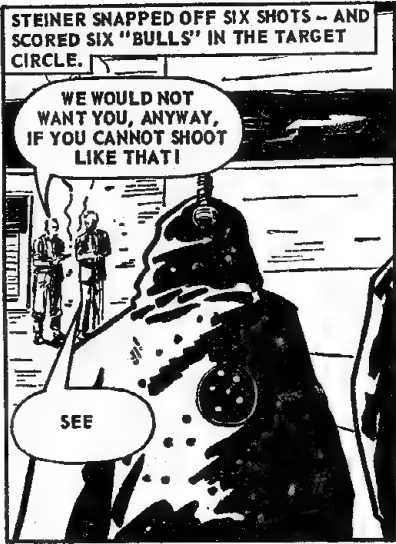
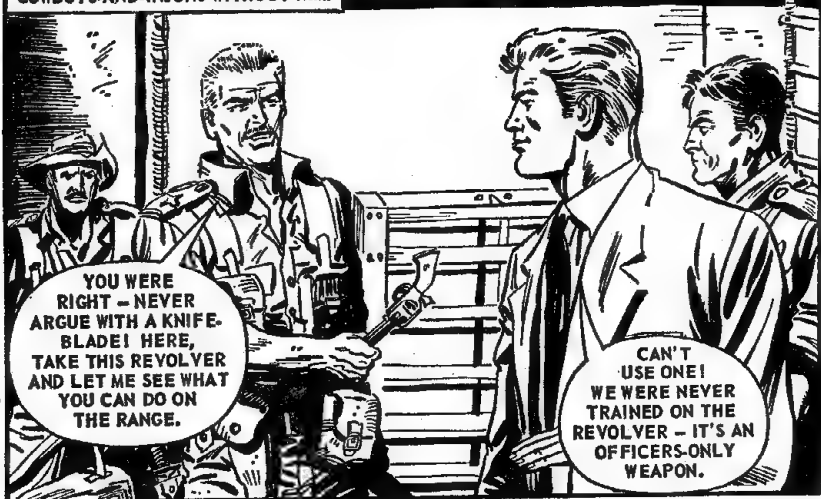
AS JIMMY CAME TO A HALT, STEINER BARKED OUT A NAME - AND ONE OF THE MERCENARIES WHIPPED A KNIFE FROM HIS BELT...



INSTINCTIVELY, JIMMY SIDESTEPED - AND THE KNIFE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR...



SO THERE WERE TO BE TESTS? JIMMY SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS - THEY COULD PLAY COWBOYS-AND-INJUNS WITHOUT HIM.



JIMMY SNATCHED THE F.N. RIFLE FROM SMUDGER, NOTING THE CHARGED MAGAZINE - AND FIRED ALL IN ONE MOVEMENT...


I DIDN'T SAY I HADN'T TRAINED ON THE RIFLE!



NOW THERE WERE TEN MORE HOLES IN THE SAME BULLSEYE... THE MERCENARIES BROKE RANKS TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE TARGET.

HEY - THAT'S SOME SHOOTIN'!

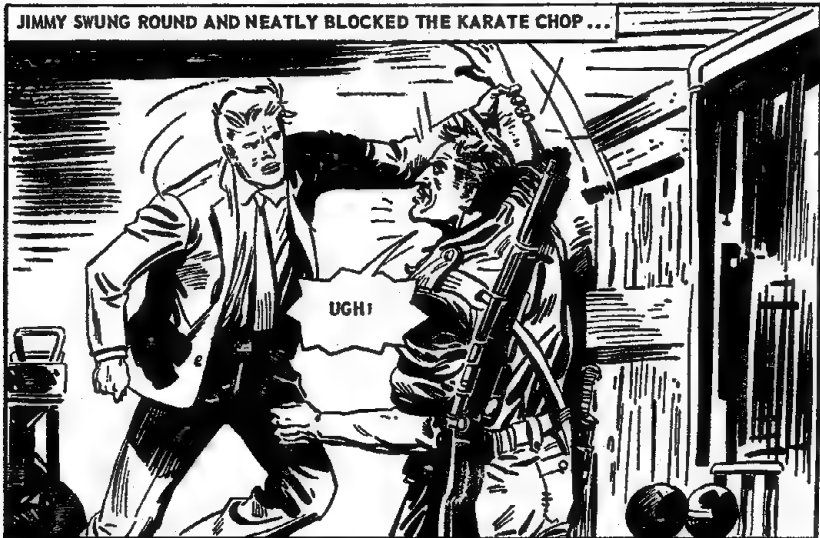
HERE'S YOUR BUNDHOOK, SMUDGER. COUNT ME OUT - I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED CHICKEN!



AS JIMMY TURNED TO LEAVE, STEINER HISSED A WORD AND MAYER LEAPED TOWARDS HIS BACK ...



JIMMY SWUNG ROUND AND NEATLY BLOCKED THE KARATE CHOP ...



THEN HE WHIRLED THE GERMAN ASIDE - AND STRUCK WITH BOTH FISTS CLENCHED TOGETHER.



WALKER, YOU BEGIN TO IMPRESS ME. I WILL DO TWO THINGS I CANNOT REMEMBER EVER HAVING DONE BEFORE.



FIRST I APOLOGISE FOR CALLING YOU CHICKEN AND SAYING YOU COULD NOT SHOOT. I WAS WRONG! SECONDLY, I WILL OFFER YOU A SPECIAL BONUS ON TOP OF FULL PAY IF YOU JOIN MY SQUAD!





IT WAS A RUSH ASSIGNMENT AND WITHIN THE HOUR, MAJOR STEINER AND TWENTY PICKED MEN WERE ABOARD A BIG PRIVATE JET AIRCRAFT BOUND FOR THE CARRIBEAN...



TO A CASUAL OBSERVER, THE MERCENARIES IN THEIR CIVILIAN DRESS LOOKED LIKE ORDINARY TOURISTS, WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE MAIN SANTA VINCENTA AIRPORT.



TRANSPORT HAD BEEN LAID ON BY ROD DEWAR'S ORGANISATION, EVEN IF IT WAS A RATHER DILAPIDATED LOCAL COACH...



TEN STIFLING HOURS ON THE RICKETY COACH ON ROADS THAT WERE NO MORE THAN TRACKS DID LITTLE TO IMPROVE THE MEN'S TEMPER.

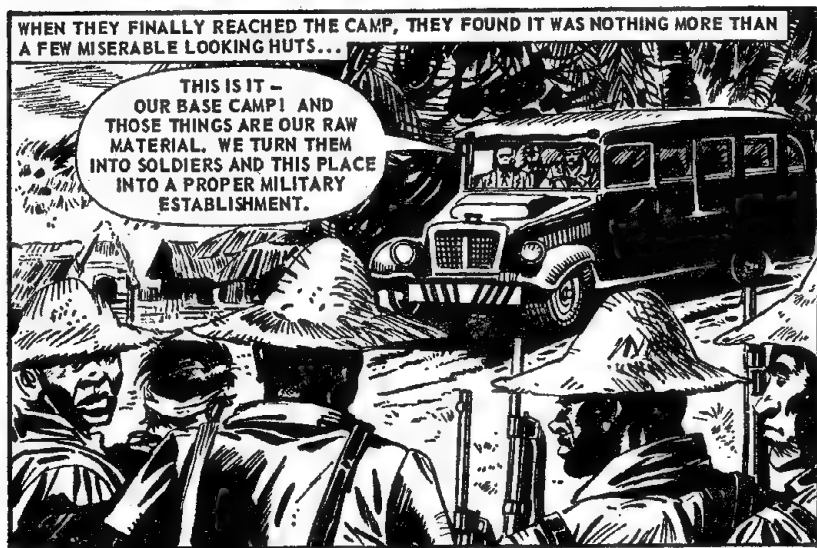
TAKE YOUR BLINKING
FEET OUT OF MY HAIR, YANK,
FOR PETE'S SAKE!

OKAY, SMUDGER,
OKAY! JUST SIMMER
DOWN - IT'S TOO DARNED
HOT TO START A
FIGHT!

MAYER GROWLED FROM ACROSS THE AISLE.

UNCIVILISED
AMERICANS -
THEY HAVE NO
MANNERS!

TAKE THAT
BACK, KRAUT!
OR I'LL RAM
IT DOWN YOUR
GIZZARD!



JIMMY WALKER DREW A DEEP BREATH...

SO THIS IS WHERE IT ALL HAPPENS, SMUDGER. ALL THESE SMASHING FREE-FOR-ALLS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT?



THE LOCAL CONSCRIPTS STARED BLANKLY AT THE NEWCOMERS. THEY CERTAINLY DID NOT LOOK VERY PROMISING MATERIAL.

THE EQUIPMENT, ARMS AND UNIFORMS HAVE ALREADY BEEN FLOWN IN. GET IT OUT AND WE CAN BEGIN TO LOOK LIKE SOLDIERS AGAIN.



AFTER THREE WEEKS' ARDUOUS TRAINING, THE LOCAL RECRUITS BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE SOLDIERS...

MOVE! OVER THOSE OBSTACLES!



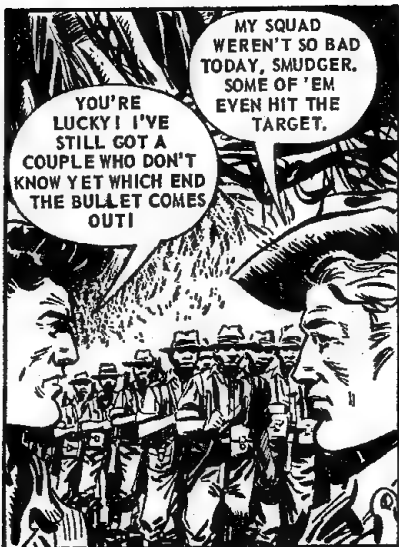
MEN WHO HAD ONLY HANDLED ANCIENT RIFLES BEFORE WERE TAUGHT TO USE THE F.N. AUTOMATIC.

HOLD IT FIRM.
TAKE GOOD AIM, AND
SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.
DON'T JERK IT!



YOU'RE
LUCKY I'VE
STILL GOT A
COUPLE WHO DON'T
KNOW YET WHICH END
THE BULLET COMES
OUT!

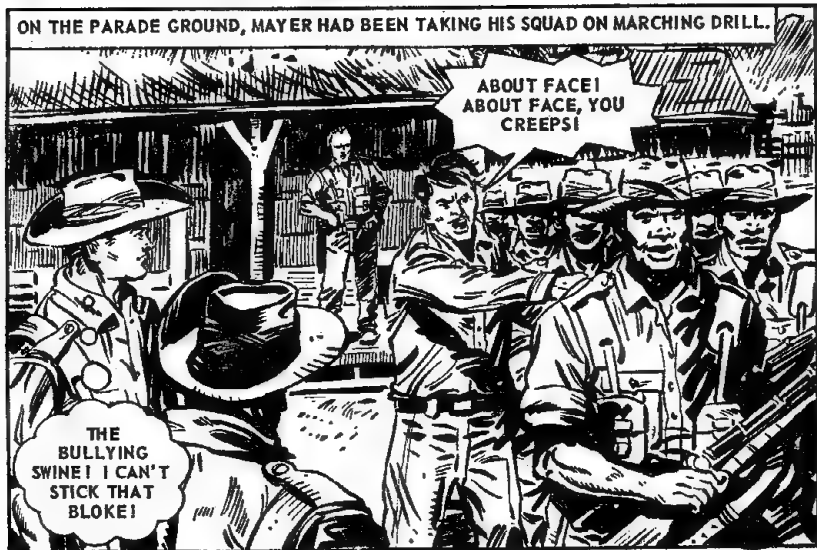
MY SQUAD
WEREN'T SO BAD
TODAY, SMUDGER.
SOME OF 'EM
EVEN HIT THE
TARGET.



ON THE PARADE GROUND, MAYER HAD BEEN TAKING HIS SQUAD ON MARCHING DRILL.

ABOUT FACE!
ABOUT FACE, YOU
CREEPS!

THE
BULLYING
SWINE! I CAN'T
STICK THAT
BLOKE!



AFTER A FEW MORE DAYS OF INTENSIVE TRAINING, STEINER MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

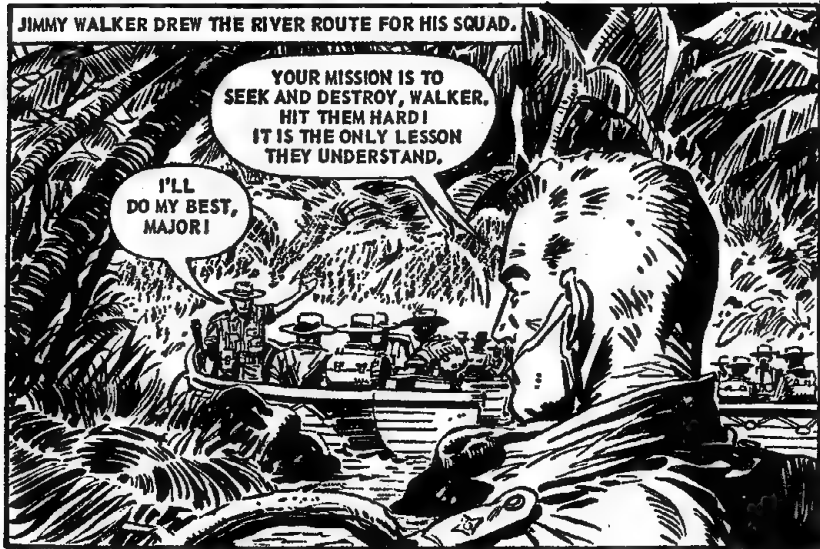
WE ARE NOW READY TO STRIKE! I SHALL SELECT SIX OF YOU TO LEAD STRIKE FORCES OF TWENTY MEN INTO MAROON TERRITORY. FIVE SQUADS WILL TRAVEL BY LAND, ONE BY RIVER.



JIMMY WALKER DREW THE RIVER ROUTE FOR HIS SQUAD.

YOUR MISSION IS TO
SEEK AND DESTROY, WALKER.
HIT THEM HARD!
IT IS THE ONLY LESSON
THEY UNDERSTAND.

I'LL
DO MY BEST,
MAJOR!



THEY CHUGGED DOWN RIVER, HEADING FOR THE JUNGLE AND THE WAITING MAROONS.



BUT THOUGH THEY KEPT A LYNX-EYED WATCH, THEY FAILED TO SEE THE DEFENDERS, UNTIL THE DEFENDERS OPENED FIRE!




WITH SKILLED LEADERSHIP, JIMMY SWITCHED HIS MEN FROM BEING HUNTED TO BEING THE HUNTERS.

THERE THEY
ARE! AFTER THEM -
DON'T WASTE A
ROUND!



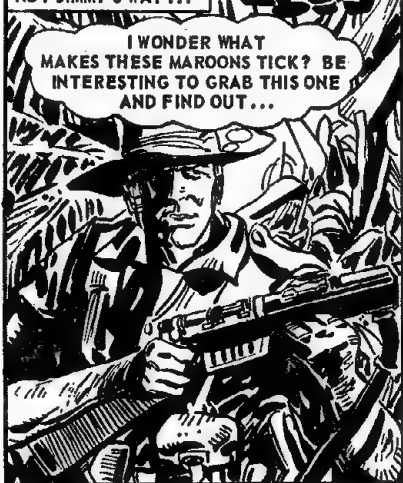
THE REBELS SCATTERED - AND JIMMY FOUND HIMSELF CHASING A GIANT OF A MAN WHOSE JUNGLE-CRAFT WAS AT LEAST EQUAL TO JIMMY'S OWN...

UGH!
YOU'RE A
CAGEY ONE,
CHUM!



SEVERAL TIMES HE COULD HAVE SHOT THE MAN IN THE BACK - BUT THAT WAS NOT JIMMY'S WAY ...

I WONDER WHAT MAKES THESE MAROONS TICK? BE INTERESTING TO GRAB THIS ONE AND FIND OUT ...



SUDDENLY, SOME SIXTH SENSE MADE JIMMY DUCK ...

AIEEEI



ANGRY WITH HIMSELF FOR BEING TRICKED, JIMMY GLARED AT THE NATIVE ...

YOU CRAFTY SWINE! MAYBE I SHOULD'VE SHOT YOU BEFORE ...

SHOOT NOW THEN - OR BE SLAIN YOURSELF!



BUT STILL THE ENGLISHMAN COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO FIRE. HE PARRIED THE MAROON'S BLOW AND THEN COUNTER-ATTACKED...



A KARATE CHOP ENDED THE CONTEST – WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



THE BIG MAROON LAY AS STILL AS DEATH -
AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE STUMBLED SOME
WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WAILING BITTERLY ...



JIMMY STEELED HIS HEART AND WHEN THE MAN RECOVERED HIS SENSES, TOOK HIM
BACK TO THE BOATS ...





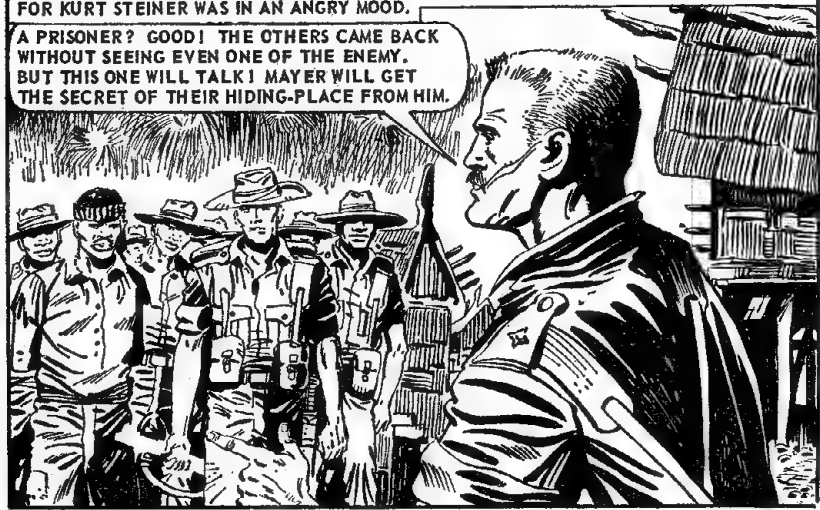
PUT THAT WAY, THOUGHT
JOHNNY, IT SOUNDS ROUGH.

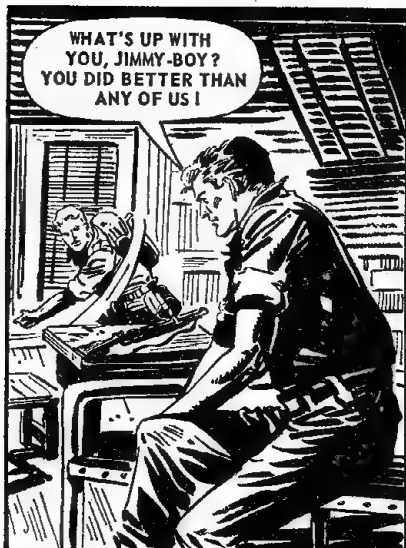
DON'T WORRY,
JONES. NOBODY
WILL ASK FOR TAXES
HERE AND YOU'LL
BE TREATED
GOOD.



BUT HE SOON HAD DOUBTS ABOUT THE TREATMENT THE MAROON WAS LIKE TO RECEIVE,
FOR KURT STEINER WAS IN AN ANGRY MOOD.

A PRISONER? GOOD! THE OTHERS CAME BACK
WITHOUT SEEING EVEN ONE OF THE ENEMY.
BUT THIS ONE WILL TALK! MAYER WILL GET
THE SECRET OF THEIR HIDING-PLACE FROM HIM.







SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE LOCAL MILITIAMAN ON GUARD DUTY WAS ATTACKED FROM BEHIND...



INSIDE THE NEARBY HUT...



LUCKILY FOR JIMMY, THE ENQUIRY INTO THE MAROON'S ESCAPE WAS POSTPONED, FOR ROD DEWAR ARRIVED THAT MORNING IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE.

WARN THE FOOLS TO KEEP CLEAR. IT'S A SHORT ENOUGH RUNWAY AS IT IS.



DEWAR HAD A HIGH-RANKING LOCAL OFFICER WITH HIM...

HI, BOYS! I'VE BROUGHT UP SOME COMFORTS - AND THERE'RE A COUPLE OF JEEPS AND A TRUCK ON THEIR WAY UP FROM THE COAST, WITH PLENTY MORE!

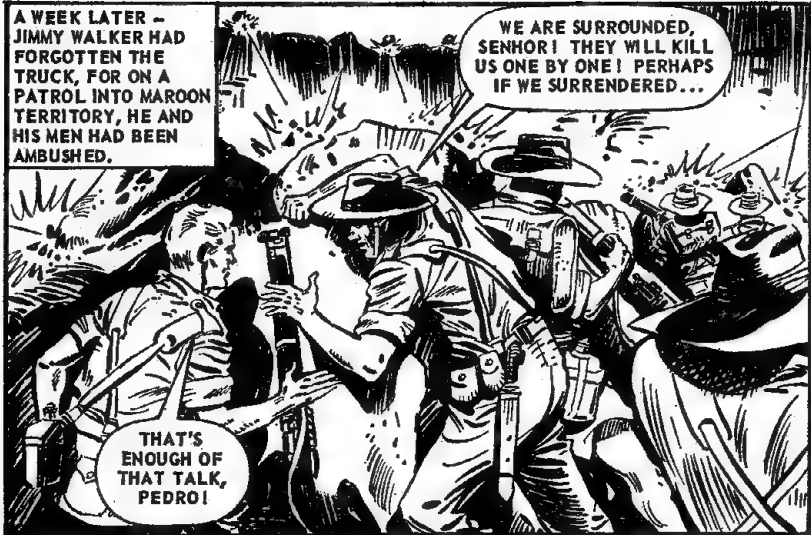
THANKS, MISTER DEWAR - THIS AIN'T THE RITZ, EXACTLY!



THE VEHICLES ARRIVED TWO DAYS LATER, BUT ONLY STEINER, MAYER AND TWO OTHER GERMAN MERCENARIES WERE PERMITTED TO TOUCH THE TRUCK AND ITS LOAD.



A WEEK LATER - JIMMY WALKER HAD FORGOTTEN THE TRUCK, FOR ON A PATROL INTO MAROON TERRITORY, HE AND HIS MEN HAD BEEN AMBUSHED.

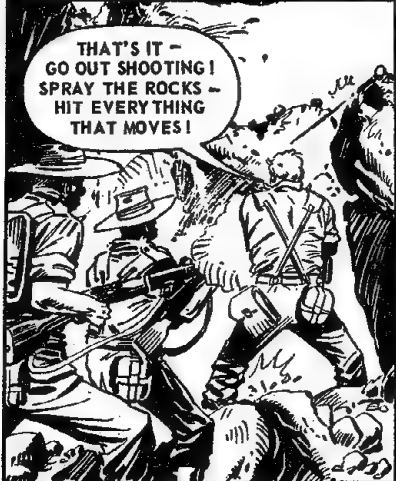


LISTEN, YOU APOLOGIES FOR SOLDIERS! YOU'RE BETTER ARMED THAN THEY ARE - AND BETTER TRAINED. ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS RUSH THEM AND THEY'LL FADE AWAY. AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF SUCH A TRAP - TO BREAK THE CIRCLE.

THAT'S IT - GO OUT SHOOTING! SPRAY THE ROCKS - HIT EVERYTHING THAT MOVES!

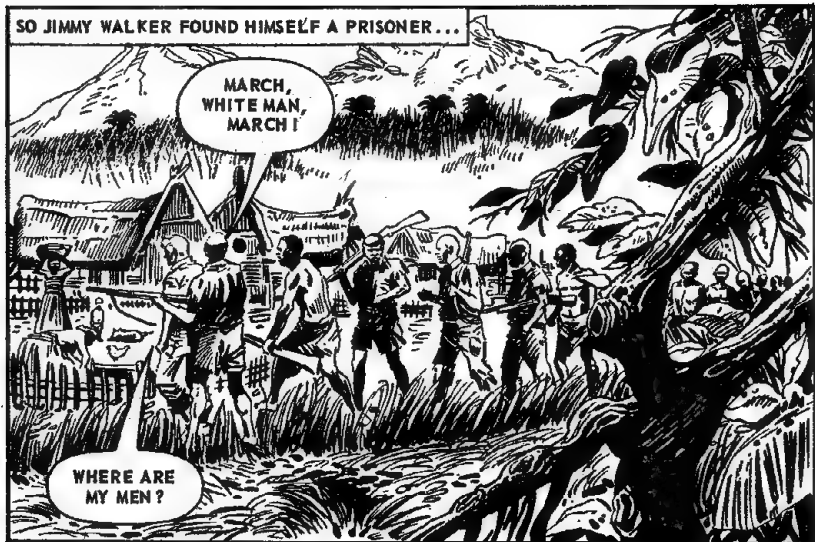


BUT THE MAROONS PLAYED THEIR SECRET WEAPON - LOOSE ROCKS THAT CAME HURTLING DOWN LIKE CANNON BALLS.

AAARGH!



SO JIMMY WALKER FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER...



THEY HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED. AS YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF EMPEROR JONES HAD NOT ORDERED THAT WE BRING IN THE FIRST WHITE MAN WE CAPTURED.



AND "EMPEROR JONES" WAS THE MAROON CALLED HERCULES!



I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T TALK, SO I LET YOU GO RATHER THAN SEE YOU SUFFER! ANYWAY, WE DON'T KILL HELPLESS MEN - AS THOSE MILITIAMEN I WAS LEADING HAVE BEEN KILLED. IN COLD BLOOD AFTER THEY WERE STUNNED BY THE ROCKS, TOO!



THE BIG MAROON ANGRILY JUMPED TO HIS FEET...

YOU DON'T KILL HELPLESS MEN, YOU SAY! WHAT ABOUT OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN YOU ARE POISONING AT THIS VERY MOMENT?



POISON? WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT? WE USE GUNS AND TAKE OUR CHANCES!

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME? COME, I SHOW YOU.

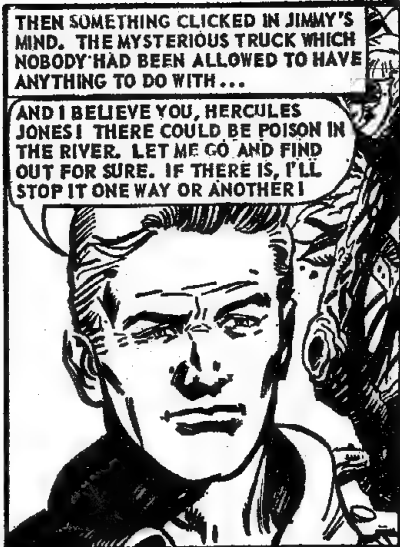


HERCULES JONES LED THE PUZZLED MERCENARY TO ONE OF THE HUTS AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR.



THE EMPEROR STRODE AWAY TO A NEARBY WALL OF ROCK WHERE A WOMAN WAS CATCHING DROPS OF WATER THAT TRICKLED DOWNWARDS...





THE EMPEROR LET JIMMY GO, AS HE HIMSELF HAD BEEN FREED. AND ONCE BACK AT BASE, THE YOUNG MERCENARY CONFRONTED DEWAR AND STEINER WITH WHAT HE HIMSELF HAD SEEN ON HIS WAY...

I TELL YOU I SAW IT! A TANK PERCHED ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER, WITH SOME FOUL LIQUID DRIPPING FROM IT INTO THE WATER. IT'S POISON, ISN'T IT? AND IT'S KILLING MAROON WOMEN AND KIDS!



MAYER RUSHED FORWARD, A GRIN ON HIS FACE. BUT JIMMY MOVED FASTER AND GRABBED HIM INSTEAD...

I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, MAYER! HAND IT OVER OR...!



THE GUN IN HIS HAND, JIMMY FLUNG THE KNIFE AWAY...

MAYER, GET INTO THE JEEP'S DRIVING SEAT. STEINER, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE RIVER TO SEE THE FILTHY POISON-TRAP! THE REST OF YOU, STAND BACK! OR I'LL FIRE!



NONE OF THE MERCENARIES TRIED TO INTERFERE FOR THE THREAT TO STEINER AND MAYER WAS TOO DEADLY.

GET AFTER THEM, YOU FOOLS!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

YOU FOOL!
THAT'S NOTHING BUT A
WATER-PURIFIER.

THERE IT IS!
AND DON'T SAY YOU
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT IT, STEINER!

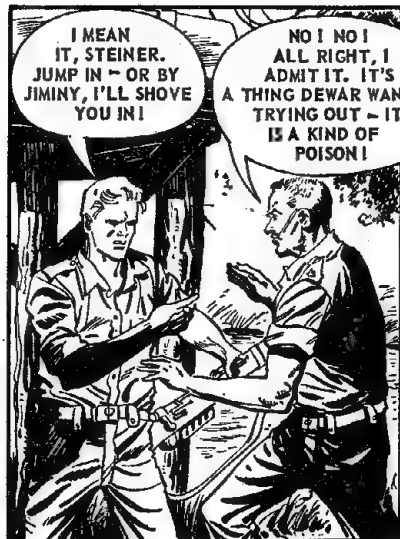


WATER-PURIFIER OR POISON-TRAP? THERE WAS ONE CERTAIN WAY TO FIND OUT!
JIMMY ORDERED THE TWO MEN OUT OF THE JEEP AND FORCED THEM TO THE
RIVER BANK...

WATER-PURIFIER,
IS IT, STEINER? OKAY,
THEN JUMP IN AND LET ME
SEE YOU DRINK IT!

PAH! WHY
SHOULD I GET
WET?





THE SECOND JEEP WAS RACING TOWARDS THE SPOT, PACKED WITH MERCENARIES. SMUDGER SMITH, WHO WAS ONE OF THEM, YELLED A WARNING.



JIMMY PROMPTLY SWUNG STEINER AND MAYER IN FRONT OF HIM...

LISTEN, YOU GUYS!
THAT THING IS A POISON-
TRAP - AND IT'S DRIPPING
INTO THE MAROONS' ONLY
WATER SUPPLY. WHAT ARE
WE? SOLDIERS OR RAT-
CATCHERS?

YOU'RE
WASTING YOUR
TIME, ENGLANDER -
THEY KNEW ABOUT
IT!

SMUDGER SMITH SNORTED...

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN, WE
KNEW ABOUT IT?
I DIDN'T FOR
ONE! DID YOU
YANK?

YOU BET
I DIDN'T!
I WANT NO
PART OF IT,
NEITHER!

THEN MAYER TRIED TO JUMP JIMMY -
BUT THE ENGLISHMAN WAS TOO QUICK
FOR HIM...

AAARGH!

EVERYONE THERE WATCHED IN HORROR AS MAYER FLOUNDERED IN THE FAST-RUNNING STREAM...



SMUDGER - YANK -
LET'S MAKE FOR THE JUNGLE!
THE OTHERS ARE STILL ON
STEINER'S SIDE!

AFTER THEM,
IDIOTS! I WANT THAT
MAN WALKER - DEAD
OR ALIVE!



THE THREE EASILY THREW OFF THE PURSUIT, HOWEVER - AND WERE SOON TAKING STOCK OF THEIR POSITION.



ALLIED WITH HERCULES JONES AND HIS COUNTRYMEN, JIMMY, SMUDGER AND YANK BEGAN TO TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE...



IT HAD TAKEN A WEEK OF HARD FIGHTING, BUT THE NERVE-POISON SOURCE WAS AT LAST IN THEIR HANDS.



BACKED-UP BY THE THREE EX-MERCENARIES, THE MAROONS BECAME BOLDER AND BOLDER IN THEIR ATTACKS ON THE SCARED MILITIAMEN.



WITH THREE CAPTURED MACHINE GUNS, JIMMY WALKER AND HIS MAROONS SET SEIGE TO THE MERCENARIES' CAMP.



AFTER TWO ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE CAMP WERE BEATEN OFF, JIMMY TRIED NEW TACTICS.

LISTEN, YOU RATS! WE'VE GOT THE NERVE-POISON. SURRENDER NOW, OR I WILL CONTAMINATE EVERY DROP OF DRINKING WATER FOR MILES AROUND!



THE WARNING INSTANTLY SPREAD PANIC AMONG STEINER'S NATIVE TROOPS...

WE WILL ALL DIE OF POISON!
WE MUST SURRENDER!

GET BACK
TO YOUR POSTS -
OR I WILL
SHOOT YOU DOWN,
YOU SNIVELLING
CURS!



BUT NOT EVEN STEINER'S THREATS COULD STOP THEM NOW. ONE CONSCRIPT LEAPED OVER THE BARRICADE AND BEGAN TO RUN TOWARDS THE BESEIGERS...



WE SURRENDER -
AARGH!

I WARNED
YOU!

THAT SHOT WAS THE SIGNAL FOR COMPLETE CHAOS, FOR THE LOCAL CONSCRIPTS PROMPTLY TURNED ON THEIR MERCENARY ALLIES.

THEY WILL NOT
SURRENDER! KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!

GET
BACK TO YOUR
POSTS -

ROD DEWAR AND THE LOCAL COMMANDANT TRIED TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

STEINER!
COME ON - TO
THE PLANE!



BUT MAJOR STEINER, THE MAN OF WAR WHO HAD SURVIVED THE CARNAGE OF THE CLOSING YEARS OF WORLD WAR II, HAD FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE.



WITH THEIR LEADERS WIPED OUT, THE CONSCRIPTS WERE HAPPY TO SURRENDER.





DEWAR WAS KILLED IN THE CRASH. THE WHOLE MERCENARY FORCE WAS BROKEN UP. JIMMY, SMUDGER AND YANK PREPARED TO TAKE THEIR LEAVE...



IT HAD BEEN JIMMY WALKER'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A MERCENARY. IT WOULD ALSO BE HIS LAST.

YOU KNOW, SMUDGER,
THE BRITISH ARMY IS STILL
YELLING FOR RECRUITS.
THE OLD FUSILIERS HAVE
AMALGAMATED WITH ANOTHER MOB,
BUT THERE MIGHT BE ROOM
FOR A COUPLE OF OLD
HANDS. WHAT D'YOU
SAY?

OKAY, BY ME,
JIMMY-BOY! THE
PAY WON'T BE SO
GOOD, BUT AT LEAST
WE'LL BE ABLE TO
SLEEP WITH A CLEAR
CONSCIENCE!



THE REAL HERO

THE CARNIVAL AND THE BULLFIGHT IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SAN CASTILLO ATTRACTED THOUSANDS FROM ALL OVER SPAIN...

HA...THE TOREADORS...THE PICADORS... THEY LOOK FINE. YES. BUT IT IS THE MATADOR WHO IS THE REAL HERO! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN PEPE IN HIS DAY...



IT WAS NOT EASY TO IMAGINE OLD PEPE IN THE SCARLET AND GOLD OF A BULLFIGHTER'S CLOTHES...

MY GRANDPAPA SAYS HE NEVER HEAR OF YOU, PEPE.

YOUR GRANDPAPA...HE IS OLD, EH? HIS MEMORY IS NOT SO GOOD, PERHAPS?



THE OLD MAN GATHERED HIS YOUNG AUDIENCE ABOUT HIM...

IT IS SAID BLACK BULLS ARE THE FIERCEST, LITTLES ONES. BUT I WILL TELL YOU OF THE GREAT GREY BULL OF SERRANO...



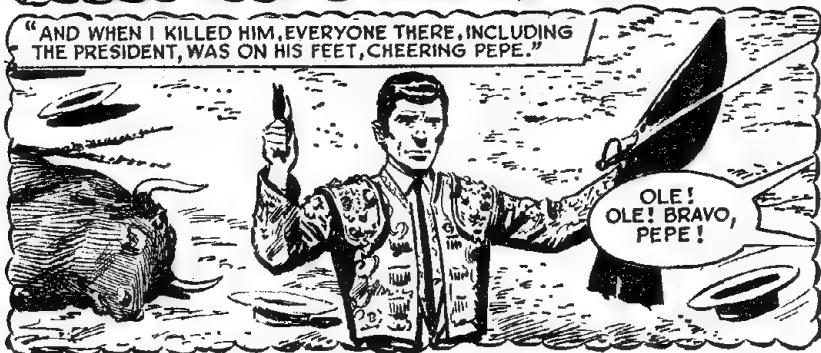
"HE HAD KILLED EIGHT OF SPAIN'S FINEST BULL-FIGHTERS BEFORE PEPE FOUGHT HIM..."



"A GIANT OF A BULL AS CUNNING AS HE WAS STRONG. BUT HE HAD MET HIS MATCH IN PEPE..."



"AND WHEN I KILLED HIM, EVERYONE THERE, INCLUDING THE PRESIDENT, WAS ON HIS FEET, CHEERING PEPE."



THE CHILDREN HAD LISTENED ENTRANCED, BUT THERE HAD BEEN OTHERS WITHIN EARSHOT...

LISTEN TO OLD PEPE DREAMING AGAIN! HE'D RUN A MILE IF HE SAW A BULL!

LISTEN, CHILDREN... PEPE WAS THE MAN WHO SWEEPED OUT THE STABLES!

THE WORDS HIT OLD PEPE LIKE A SLAP IN THE FACE... AND THE DISILLUSION IN THE CHILDRENS' EYES HURT HIM EVEN MORE.

IS... IS THAT TRUE, PEPE?

HAVE YOU JUST BEEN MAKING IT UP?

CHOKED WITH EMOTION, THE OLD MAN COULD ONLY BOW HIS HEAD AND STUMBLE AWAY...

TO DESTROY AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS IS NOTHING... BUT TO RUIN THOSE OF LITTLE ONES, IT IS WICKED!



MEANWHILE, THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION WAS WINDING SLOWLY THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS...



AND SUDDENLY, THE LAUGHING AND THE CHEERING CHANGED TO SCREAMS OF TERROR AND ALARM AS THE AXLE OF A WAGON BROKE...



FRIGHTENED BY THE NOISE, THE CIRCUS ANIMALS LOPED AWAY FROM THE CROWDED ROUTE OF THE CARNIVAL...



AS IT HAPPENED, PEPE HAD HOBBOLED INTO THE PARK TO GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE... AND HE HEARD CHILDRENS' FRIGHTENED CRIES...



AND THEN HE SAW THE LIONS...



NOT FOR ONE MOMENT DID THE CRIPPLED OLD MAN HESITATE...



SNARLING AND ROARING, THE LIONS SLASHED AT PEPE'S WAVERING STICKS...



BY THIS TIME, POLICE AND CIRCUS WORKERS
HAD TRAILED THE ANIMALS TO THE PARK...

BY THE SAINTS! LOOK
AT THE OLD MAN
HOLDING THEM
OFF...

HE CAN'T
HOLD THEM FOR
MUCH LONGER!
HURRY WITH
THAT NET!

THEY WERE NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

AAAAGH!

THE RESCUERS DASHED FORWARD AND WITH PITCHFORKS
AND STICKS DROVE THE LIONS OFF...

THE NET
... THROW
THE NET!

GENTLE HANDS LIFTED THE BRUISED AND BLEEDING PEPE ON TO A STRETCHER . . .



OLE! OLE!
BRAVELY DONE,
OLD MAN!

HE SAVED
THE CHILDREN'S
LIVES!

NEXT DAY, PEPE HAD SOME VISITORS AT HIS BEDSIDE IN THE HOSPITAL . . .

WE BELIEVE OUR
OWN EYES, PEPE!
NO-ONE COULD
BE BRAVER
THAN YOU!



LIONS
ARE FIERCER
THAN BULLS!

THE ACES AND PAINS WERE
FORGOTTEN . . .

LIONS . . . THEY ARE NOTHING!
DID I EVER TELL YOU OF
THE GREAT BLACK BULL OF
SEVILLE, LITTLE ONES . . .



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ACTION

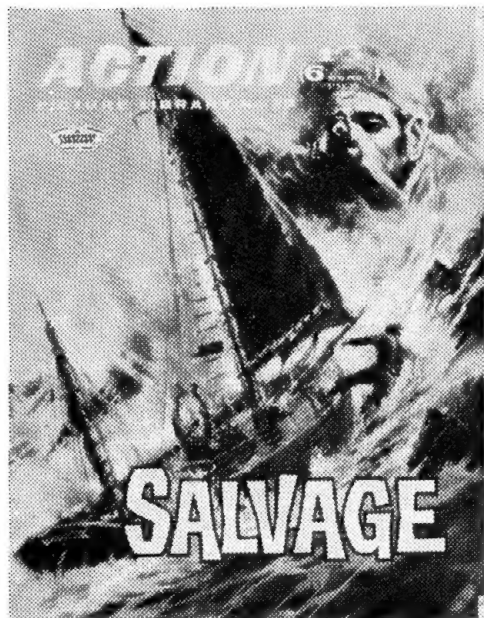
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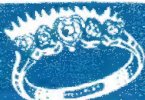
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